

PC
Recommended for
Mature Readers
\$1.50 U.S.
\$2.00 Canada

TWISTED

TALES™

NO.4



THE WELL

OCTOBER 10, 1998

BUT WE
HAVEN'T FINISHED
UNPACKING
YET!

I'M
TIRED OF
UNPACKING—
HOW ABOUT SOME
UNDRESSING?

YOU'RE
IMPOSSIBLE!

NO,
I'M *VERY*
POSSIBLE. THAT'S
WHAT I'M TRYING
TO TELL YOU!
GIVE ME
A KISS...

MARK,
WE DON'T EVEN
HAVE THE BED
TOGETHER... THE
SLATS ARE ALL
UNGLUED...

REALLY?
I'M GETTING
PRETTY UNGLUED
MYSELF...

—NO
NEIGHBORS?

IN
FRONT OF
THE FIRE?

SET
YOUR
LIFE...

WILL
YOU MAKE
THE DRINKS
AFTER?

ABSOLUTELY...

YOU'RE
O.K.

NO
WINDOW
SHADES...

WOOOOOOOO

JESUS/
WHAT IS—

I-I
HOPE THAT
WAS OUTSIDE.
WHATEVER
IT WAS...

HAND ME
THE FLASHLIGHT,
WILL YOU? THIS
WON'T TAKE
A SECOND,
YOU STAY
HERE.

ALONE?
ARE YOU
NUTS?

I'VE
GOT SOME
KITCHEN
MATCHES IN
MY SHIRT!
HANDLE 'EM
CAREFULLY!

BRAND
KINDA
D.M.



DO I HEAR ANYTHING?

JUST MY KNEES
KNOCKING
TOGETHER...

MARK,
LOOK,
THE
WELL!



MAY BE SOMETHING'S
FALLEN INTO IT...
AN ANIMAL, OR
SOMETHING...

IS THAT
GAS I
SM--

SH!
LISTEN! HEAR
THAT? SOMETHING...
MURMURING OR
SOMETHING...



HEY, WAIT! A
MINUTE! WHERE
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE GOING?

YOU
DON'T WANT
THE POOR THING
TO SUFFER,
DO YOU?

THAT
DEPENDS
ON WHAT
THE "POOR
THING" IS!



DON'T FRET, I WAS CHAMPION
ROPE CLIMBER AT
BEARSLY! WHY
DON'T YOU BRING US
UP SOME IRISH
CORFEDS AND
STICK A SEDUCTIVE
ROSE IN FRONT
OF THE HEARTH?

SERIOUSLY,
MARK, DON'T YOU
THINK--



...WE
SHOULD
THINK ABOUT
THIS...



MARK?
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

MARK?

JESUS!



HONEY?
WHAT
IS IT?

INCREDIBLE!
THERE'S A--
GOOD
LORD!

THERE'S
A TUNNEL
OF SOME KIND
DOWN HERE...
RUNNING RIGHT
UNDER THE WELL!
I CAN HEAR WATER
ECHOING-- FOR
MILES!



CAN YOU SEE THE ANIMAL--
THE ANIMAL THAT
MADE THE NOISE?
MARK?

MARK?



HONEY?

MARK?
ARE YOU
THERE?



MARK?
ANSWER ME,
PLEASE!



MARK?

IT IS
A TUNNEL!
LOOKS LIKE
A HOT
SPRING!



HONEY?
CAN YOU
HEAR
ME?

ME ME ME ME



MARK? HONEY,
I'M FRIGHTENED! PLEASE!
ANSWER ME! MARK DON'T
TEASE, PLEASE!

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE







...BLACKED OUT...
...MUST HAVE BLACKED
OUT...

...HOW LONG?
...GUESS...HEADS
SPINNING...

...T-THAT
C-CREATURE...A
NIGHTMARE...
MARK...IS
MARK
DEAD?



LIGHT
I CAN SEE
DOWN HERE...THE
WALLS...LICHEN...
PHOSPHORESCENT
LICHEN
(SNIFF-SNIFF)
THAT ~~GASPS~~...
IS IT
OVER...



(GASP?)

OH
MY GOD
(CHOKES)

M-M-M-MULCH!-M-H-H...
(CLICK-CLICK)...

A large, grotesque creature with a human-like face, large yellow eyes, and a long, segmented, insect-like body dominates the upper half of the panel. It has a menacing expression. Below it, a woman with dark hair, wearing a white tank top and red shorts, is crouching in a jungle setting. She is looking up at the creature with a look of fear and urgency. The background is filled with dense green foliage. The scene is lit with dramatic, high-contrast lighting, emphasizing the horror of the situation.

SWEET
JESUS...
WHAT IS
IT?

M-MULCH!
LACH!

GET
AWAY FROM
ME (WO)?



GET
AWAY!

STUNNED
IT! MY CHANCE
TO RUN!...

CHUNK!



D-BATH
UNEVEN...LIKE
STEPPING
ON--

SLUCK

SLUCK



WHICH
WAY? A
HUNDRED
CORN COBS!
WHICH
WAY?

THAT
SOUND... THAT
MEATLAND
SOUND...



AGHH!

ITS YOUNG...
F-FEEDING... FEEDING
ON THE (CHOKE)
THE D-DEAD...

OH GOD!
LET THIS BE A
WONTHMARE...LET
THIS JUST BE
SOME CRAZY
DREAM...







W-WHERE AM I? I CAN'T TALK...

WELL, COMING AROUND, ARE WE, AFTER ALL THIS TIME? NO, DON'T TRY TO TALK, YOUR VOCAL CHORDS SEVERELY DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION!

HEALING FINE THOUGH, SO DON'T FRET!

THE MAN FROM THE GAS COMPANY GOT OFF A LOT LIGHTER THAN YOU DID, JUST A BROKEN ARM AND A STRAINED BACK,

HE NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU WERE DOING IN THAT WELL OR WHY YOU THREW THE MATCH IN, BUT I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL YOU CAN TALK AGAIN TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT, WON'T WE?

OH, YES, I ALMOST FORGOT! YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT BY SOME MIRACLE, THE FETUS YOU'RE CARRYING SURVIVED THE IMPACT OF THE EXPLOSION AND IS GROWING VERY NICELY! BY THE SIZE OF YOU, I'D SAY YOU'LL BE READY TO DELIVER IN ABOUT A MONTH!



F-FETUS? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I COULDN'T BE PREGNANT! MARK WAS STERILE! I--



...THE YOUNG! THE CREATURE'S YOUNG! FEEDING... FEEDING...

...FEEDING ON THE REMAINS OF THEIR MOTHER!

NOW, NOW, MRS. KELLOOD, THERE'S NO NEED TO LOOK SO ALARMED! CHILD BIRTH IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!...

NICK OF TIME

I OPENED THE FRONT DOOR TO MY HOUSE AND FLIPPED UP THE LIGHT SWITCH. NOTHING HAPPENED. I CURSED SOFTLY IN THE DARK, NERVOUS AND BIZARRE FEELING MY WAY ALONG THE HALL BY THE BOOKCASE. I PAUSED LAZILY FOR A MOMENT. SOMETHING WAS WRONG. I WAS NOT ALONE IN THE ROOM. I SLID INTO THE GLOOM. SOMEONE AND THEN I HEARD THE BABBY CHUCKLING OVER THE DULL GLEAM OF A KNIFE BLADE. MY BLOOD TURNED TO ICE. NOW I COULD MAKE OUT THE FINE LINE CORN OF MY WIFE, HALFWAYED IN THE CORNER SHADOWS. THE SILVER BLADE PRESSSED TO HER THROAT. I COULD BARELY MAKE OUT HER FACE, BUT I RECOGNIZED THE FAMILIAR UNDERTEETHS, THE GOLDEN SHINE OF HER HAIR, AND THOUGH I HAD BEEN HORRIBLY TRANSFORMED SOMEHOW, I ALSO RECOGNIZED THE BABBY BRITISH ACCENT OF THE SHADOWS BEHIND HER. . . KENTON'S VOICE. . .



ANOTHER BABBY CHUCKLE. THE NOW-FAMILIAR GOLF CAP BOBBED INTO VIEW. MOMENTARILY IT WAS KENTON ALL RIGHT. . .

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE?

SORRY ABOUT THE LIGHTS. GAD MAN, I KNOW YOU HAVE EYE TROUBLE, BUT I COULDN'T VERY WELL TAKE THE CHANCE OF THE NEIGHBORS SEEING THIS. COULD I?



MY SHOE COLLIDED WITH SOMETHING. I LOOKED DOWN. . .

A KID JARRO. IT WAS ALL I HAD IN THE HOUSE. OH, NOT FOR ANNY OLD MAN, FOR ANNY I BARRAM! IT, YOU SEE? I DON'T KNOE THE, THOUGH... JUST, ALTERED THE OLD NOOL. COOES A BIT?



STORY: BRUCE JONES ART: DON LOMAX
Coloring: Phil Phillips Lettering: Carrie McCarthy



I **HOMERED** TO KILL MYSELF
YOU SEE, WHEN I FIRST **FOUNDED**
OUT, BUT AS I SAID, IT DIDN'T
WORK. JUST AS WELL, TOO! I
FOUND I HAD A **MUCH** BETTER
DEA. **HEH-HEH. MURDER!**

...FOUND OUT...



ABOUT YOU AND **GLORIA**?
OH YES I KNOW THE
WHOLE STORY YOU
WEREN'T PROPERLY **RECKONING**
MY LOVELY WIFE TOLD ME
EVERYTHING!

WHERE IS
SHE HEATON?



AREN'T YOU AT ALL
CONCERNED WITH YOUR **OWN**
WIFE **HEHEH** HEHEHEH DON'T
WORRY OLD SPORT BEARS
HEHEHEH HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE
A LITTLE DRUG I
PERSUADED HER TO **DOSE**
EXACTLY THE SAME DRUG
I GAVE TO **GLORIA**

WHERE IS SHE
DAMN YOU!



MY DEAR WIFE? OH, SHE'S
AT HOME, OLD MAN, ALL SLEEPS
AS A BIRD IN HER LITTLE BED
YOU KNOW WHAT BED I MEAN.
DON'T YOU, **SONATHAN**?—I
MEAN YOU **COULD** IT
OFTEN ENOUGH.

WHAT DO YOU WANT
KENTON, **ANOTHER**?



MONEY? I PREFERED TO
CALL IT **DISAPPOINTMENT**. WHAT
I WANT IS MY LOVELY WIFE'S
WEDDING RING—IT'S WORTH
GIVE A LOT, OLD MAN...
AND YOU'RE GOING TO
GET IT FOR ME...

WEDDING RING?



SOMETHING SHIFTED IN THE
BLOOM... KENTON'S OTHER
SHINY HAND, HOLDING
SOMETHING...

IT RINGS EXACTLY **THIRTY**
MINUTES, **SONATHAN**. YOU
SHOULD BE ABLE TO **BRING**
ME HER RING IN THAT TIME.
DON'T YOU THINK?



YOU'RE
SUCKING...

PROBABLY, BUT
THAT'S HARDLY
THE ISSUE
NOW, IS IT? OLD
SOFT THE ISSUE
IS YOUR DEAR
WIFE'S ARRIVAL
AND HOW I'M
GOING TO OPEN
IT FOR HER, IF
YOU'RE NOT BACK
BY THE TIME
THE LAST BEAN
REARS OUT...



YOU
WOULDN'T...

OH, I'D
DO FAR
WORSE THAN
THAT. OLD MAN
BY THE WAY
YOU STILL OWE
YOUR SPOT, IN
YOUR CAR.
DON'T SOUT YOU
MAY ASKED IT?
BETTER WAGGLE
JONATHAN...
YOU'RE ALREADY
GOT A GOOD
ON SECONDS.



MY EYES BEATED ANOTHER HEART
BEAT ON THE GLASSING SURFACE
OF THE HOURGLASS. THEN I SOUL'D
BACK THROUGH THE DOOR...

HOW COULD HE
HAVE SOUL'D OUT?
HOW? HE WERE
SO CARELESS!



I LEAPT INTO MY CAR AND
PEELED FROM THE DRIVEWAY.
KENTON'S HOME WAS ABOUT
FOUR MINUTES FROM HOME.



THIS WHAT I GET FOR
MULVING MYSELF WITH
ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE?
I WAS A FOOL. MORE
THE FOOL BECAUSE IT'S
MAYBE I REALLY LOVE
MY GLORIA.



GLORIA... MY GOD. HOW DID IT
EVER BEHOLD?... HOW DID I LET
YOU BRIDGE ME INTO THIS
WAGGLEST?



JONATHAN. OLD MAN.
FRANCY BEING VERY HERE.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE
MET MY WIFE GLORIA,
HAVE YOU?

A PLEASURE,
MR. KENTON.
THIS IS MY WIFE,
FRANCY.

HOW DO
YOU DO? I'VE
SEEN YOU ON
ANOTHER
LIFE. NO LEAD
ON TALKING ON.
YOU'RE A
MURDEROUS
ACTRESS.

WELL, SHALL WE MAKE
IT A FOURSET?









AT THE HENTON HOUSE
I RACED UP THE STAIRS
TO THE BEDROOM AGAIN
BLOOD THUNDERING IN
MY EARS

GOD HELP
ME...

MELDED TOGETHER
AND I WELDED THE
BARRAGE VALVES
TOGETHER! DIDN'T
JESUS!

I DON'T EVEN
HESITATE... I KNOW
THERE WAS
NOTHING I COULD
DO. THERE WASN'T
EVEN ENOUGH TIME
TO THINK...

DEAR GOD, I'M
BUTTERING HER
BIT BY BIT

I CLUTCHED THE
BANNISTER DEEPLY ON
THE WAY DOWN, THE
STAIRS GRAY SEVENTH
FLOOR...

ONLY THREE
MINUTES
LEFT!

EXCELLENT!
HER-HER! ALMOST
DONE NOW! ONE
LAST TRIP AND
YOUR WIFE IS
FREE. SCOUT'S
HONOR!

FORGET IT HENTON, I'M
THROBING! I GUESS I'M
NOT GOING TO DISFIGURE
THAT WOMAN FURTHER!
I'M CALLING THE
POLICE.

YOU DO THAT. GO SPOT
OUT BEFORE YOU DO
APPROPRIATE YOUR PATCHES
MY CARBIDE WIFE'S MOST
PRECIOUS POSSESSION! THAT
NECESSARILY WEIGHING
HEAVILY THAT
BROUGHT ALL OF
US TO THE MOMENT
AT HAND

DEAR GOD

YOU SEE I
DON'T WANT
TO KISS HER,
OLD MAN. I
JUST DON'T
WANT HER
EVER REMINDING
ABOUT YOUR
FILTHY LITTLE
TRICK
AGAIN!

LET GO OF HER, HENTON.
NOW, BEFORE I KILL YOU WITH
YOUR OWN GUN! LET GO OF
MY WIFE!



THE SECRET PLACE

SOMEONE ONCE SAID THAT A CHILD'S CAPACITY FOR LOVE IS EQUALLED ONLY BY HIS ABILITY TO HATE. HAVING BEEN ON THIS PLANET FOR ONLY A SCANT TEN YEARS, YOU DO NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND THESE WORDS, BUT YOU ARE ACUTELY AWARE OF THE REPERCUSSIONS RESULTING FROM THAT PRINCIPLE, ESPECIALLY THE ABILITY TO HATE, FEARING AND FEARING HAVE MADE YOU THE WAY YOU ARE TODAY. YOUR NAME IS TOMMY HATKINS... YOU HAVE BEEN PUTS SINCE THE AGE OF SEVEN...





YOUR MOTHER'S IDEA OF EXPRESSING LOVE IS TO SEND YOU TO CAMP FIRST FOR THE SUMMER TO GET YOU OUT FROM UNDER FOOT. YOUR MOTHER IS DIVORCED...



THOUGH UNWARY OF IT, SHE IS THE HUNGRIEST CHILD OF YOUR MOTHERS, WHICH THE DOCTORS CALL PERSON-SOMETHING CANNY. SHE FEELS YOU WILL HELP CURE YOU, YOU DO LET US, YOU HATE CANNY, YOU HATE OTHER CHILDREN, YOU HATE YOURSELF...



YOUR MOTHER INTRODUCES YOU TO MR. MATTHEWS, THE COUNSELOR. SHE TELLS HIM ABOUT YOUR SPECIAL PROBLEM...

MR. MATTHEWS STARES AND GENTLY PLACES YOUR HAND AND SAYS YOU WILL GET ALONG FINE... YOU HATE HIM, IMMEDIATELY...



AND LATER, WHEN SHE HAS LEFT, YOU STARE INTO YOUR CARM AND WATCH THE OTHER BOYS PLAY BASEBALL, AND WONDER WHY YOU ARE SO OUT OF PLACE IN THIS WORLD AND IF THERE IS A PLACE, A SECRET PLACE, FOR YOU...



NIGHT, WHILE THE OTHERS SLEEP, YOU GET UP ON YOUR BEAM AND TRY TO FIND THAT SECRET PLACE IN THE WILDERNESS OF SCENERY YOU BROUGHT WITH YOU FROM HOME. YOU READ A BOOK, IDEAL, AND IT IS ALWAYS THE SAME KIND OF BOOK, GHOST STORIES, TALES OF HORROR...



IS THE CREATURED OTHERS SHIN AND FEEL YOU FIND SOME SMALL COMFORT, SOME HIDDEN IDENTITY...



THE MAN-GIVE DOES NOT OBJECT TO YOUR READING EVEN IN THE DORMITORY. HE SMIRKS SMILES AND LETS YOU BE. YOU DO NOT READ IT YET, BUT YOU WANT VERY MUCH FOR HIM TO LIKE YOU...

THERE IS A RITUAL AT CAMP FIERY... IT MANDATES THAT ALL ITS MEMBERS WEAR OUT-OF-TIME AND DAY-TIME TICKETS...



...ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT THE COolest BOY—HE HEARS WHAT HE PLANNES... AND ONLY HE.



ANYONE OFFENDING THIS LAW, SERIOUSLY OR NOT, MUST UNDERGO PUNISHMENT FROM THE ONE IN CHARGE...



TO THE OTHER SIDE IT IS HAZARDOUS FUN... TO A BOY LIKE YOU, UNABLE TO PROTECT YOURSELF, IT IS A SERIOUS TRAILER...



THE COOL, LIKABLE WATERS DO NOT CURB THE BOLDNESS AWAKED INSIDE WITHIN YOU... THEN ONLY RUN IT HIGHER...



SO, BOLD THOUGHT IS BLOCKED FROM YOUR MIND, AND THE COURAGE TO PROCEED...



YOU HAD BEEN THE RULES IN THE PLAYGROUND... THEN THE FIRST DAY YOU ARRIVED, EVEN THEN PLANS WERE FORMING...



BUT, TEMPORARILY AT LEAST, THEY WILL HAVE TO BE DELAYED... THE OWNER IS RETURNING...



THE THOUGHT OF THE HAZARDS OF CATCHING YOU IS UNFORGETTABLE... THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

YOU RUN BLINDLY INTO THE FOREST...
YOU RUN UNTIL YOUR LEGS REFUSE
TO WORK... THEN YOU FALL FORWARD
ON THE SOFT EARTH...



WHEN YOU OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN,
AN UNBELIEVING GASP ESCAPES
YOUR THROAT...



YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANY PLACE LIKE
IT! GLUCKY YOU HIDE THE SUN
UNDER A BUSH...



YOU'VE FOUND IT!
YOUR SECRET ADON!



NOW GLUCKY ACROSS CAN WALKER THE
THOUS FISHES FROM THE LAKE IS
MORE LUCKY-SOME THAN ALL YOUR
BROTHERHOOD MONSTERS...



YOU SCREAM AND PULL-OUT NOT
BEFORE THE THING HAS BROKEN...
BEFORE YOU MAKE
THE WORLD WRECK!



"THREAT: YOU HAVE NOT HEARD THE WORDS OFTEN BACKLASH IN YOUR YOUNG LIFE. YOU RETURN TO CAMP BUT DO NOT SLEEP!"



"HE DID! IN THE DARK, HE WOULD HAVE REFUSED THE CREATOR, ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE AND IT DEFEATED. AM ONE ELSE WOULD NOT NEED A FRIEND AS YOU DO, YOU GET AT THE BREAK. FIRST THING THE NEXT MORNING AND ALL THE SLEEPERS AGAINST YOU AND AGAIN YOU WILL NOT TRY TO EXPLAIN THE CREATOR TO THESE BOYS. YOU CAN ALREADY HEAR THE LAUGHTER..."



"MR. MATTHEWS? NO, HE WOULD NOT LAUGH. PERHAPS, BUT YOU DON'T TRUST HIM FULLY YET..."



"THROUGH THE WORDS WILL NOT LEAVE YOU ALONE. YOU GO BACK, CAUTIOUSLY, CAREFULLY..."

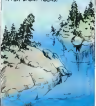


"THE THING DOES NOT CHASE YOU. IT MOTIONS TO YOU. BECAUSE, YOUR LEGS ARE TRAVELING BUT YOU COME."



"I WILL NOT WARN YOU. IT SAYS: I COME WITH THE STARS. ANY BODY COASTED IN THIS LAKE OF FOURS I AM REPAIRING IT. BUT ANOTHER DIFFICULTY REMAINS. I MUST HAVE FEARS."

"ALL DAY LONG YOU STAY AND LISTEN TO THE CREATOR. IT TELLS YOU OF THE PLANETS AND THE GALAXY AND THE UNIVERSE... STORIES RIGHT OUT OF YOUR FAVORITE BOOKS. A SECRET PLACE AND A SECRET FRIEND ALL IN A FEW SHORT HOURS."



"BUT THAT EVENING MR. MATTHEWS COMES INTO YOUR CHAIR AND HIS FACE IS GRIM AS HE ADDRESSES YOU..."



"ONE OF THE BOYS SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED. HE EXPLAINS. HE WAS LAST SEEN ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE LAKE. YOU SMILE, AS HE KNOWS ONE OF THE BOYS WHO WAS TEASING YOU..."



AT THE PERIPHERY OF YOUR VIVID A TERRIBLE THOUGHT IS NOTHING WHEN THE OTHERS AREN'T LOOKING, YOU JUDGE AWAY.



YOU SEARCH THE BANK SURROUNDING THE SECRET PLACE OVER AND OVER, BUT THE CREATURE IS NOWHERE...



RETURNING TO CAMP, YOU FIND THE HATCHETS AND A POLICEMAN... WITH THE BODY OF THE MISSING BOY.



YOU DO NOT WANT TO ACCEPT THAT YOUR CONCEPTION OF ADVENTURE IS TRULY... THE CREATURE WAS A PRODUCT OF YOUR VIVID IMAGINATION AND TERRIBLE ADVENTURES. THAT THE BOY... BENEATH THE BLANKET IS YOUR OWN FORMER... YOUR OWN REMAINS!



STILL YOU FIGHT THE UNREASONED THOUGHTS... YOU RUSH BACK THE NEXT MORNING AND FIND...



YOUR BODILY SENSES AROUND THE LAKE. THE THREE OTHERS... THE STILL, DISCREET FORM... FOR THE BOY WHO RUSHED YOU IN THE LAKE!



YOU STUMBLE BACKWARD, YOUR FOOT COLLIDING WITH SOMETHING YOU PICK UP THE BRASS...



DID YOU KILL IT? IS IT GONE? WAS IT EVER THERE AT ALL?





THE FATHER'S STARES AT YOU. I HAD A LITTLE BOY ONCE... HE IS SAYING THE WORLD HAD BEEN ABOUT YOUR AGE BY NOW HE DIED AT BIRTH... YOU DO NOT EVEN STAND...



PHANTOM OF BEAUTIFUL YOU WHO CAN NO LONGER COME WITH IT ALONE... HEAD SPINNING... YOU RUN BACK TO MR. MATTHEWS CAROL. YOUVE GOT TO TELL SOMEBODY... MR. MATTHEWS APPEARS TO BE SLEEPING AS YOU RUN INTO HIS ROOM. YOU GRAB HIS SHOULDERS AND SHAKE HIM... INTERRUPTING HIS DREAM...

IF ONLY YOU COULD SPEAK! BUT YOU MUST MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND... YOU MUST MAKE HIM FOLLOW YOU BACK TO THE GARDEN PLACE! YOU GRAB HIS ARM AND PULL HIM TO THE DOOR. WHY DOES HE LOOK AT YOU THAT WAY? WHY IS HE SLEEPING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY?

